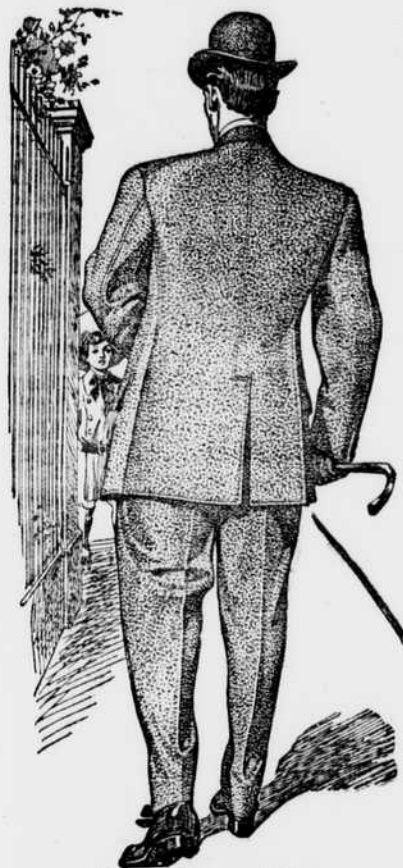


Department Store

Big Stock of General Merchandise
Groceries, Hardware, Etc.



Copyright 1906 by
Hart Schaffner & Marx

AGENT FOR
Eastman Kodak Co.

Victor Gramophone Co.

Coal Oil Engines, Keystone Grease

Vienna Flour, Watch Repairs

Curios, Post Cards,

Jewelry

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

CLOTHES FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

The Style and Quality of these Goods are well
Known, and our prices are right

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

THE THIRD VICTIM IS CLAIMED

Water Swallows up One More
Drunken Fisherman

It is no uncommon thing for Wrangell people to have their attention attracted, at any hour of the day or night, by the maulin cheering and profanity of fishermen leaving town for the fishing grounds at the mouth of the Stikine, their hides chock full of liquor, and also carrying a plentiful supply in their boats to be consumed later.

Two years ago we chronicled the death of Magnus Danielson, who left town in a small boat, drunk, and was never seen again. Last winter Jens Nelson disappeared in the same manner, both men being enroute to the cannery.

Last Sunday evening just before dark, three men left town in one of the power fishing boats, cursing and swearing as loud as they could yell, and it was very plain they were thoroughly "soused." The next morning word was brought to town that one of the three, the owner of the boat, had been drowned. We did not learn any of the names, nor gather any particulars.

A small percentage of the men who leave town drunk and in small boats are drowned, and in view of all facts, those who do find a watery grave are entitled to no sympathy.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

The Douglas Island News is justly indignant over the fact that the City of Seattle recently landed diphtheria patients at Douglas. It says: "When the City of Seattle left Seattle on her last trip north, Mrs. Olaf Matson and two children were among her passengers ticketed for Juneau. When out about two hours from Seattle, the youngest child, a boy, died of diphtheria. His body was placed in a wooden box which was put into one of the ship's boats. The mother and little girl were confined in their state room and closely guarded until they reached Douglas, when they were allowed to come ashore, 'while the captain' was busy landing the ship." The captain telephoned Mr. Thomas, the undertaker, to come to the wharf. The box containing the body of the child was unloaded from the ship, and the captain told Mr. Thomas to take it away as quickly as possible and bury it; that the child had died of diphtheria, and the box was lined with zinc and airtight. When questioned by the city officials, who arrived later, the captain could tell nothing of the whereabouts of the woman, and although a diligent search was made, she was not found until the next morning, when she and the child were isolated in a cabin the other side of Lawson creek. The news of the death was published in the Juneau dailies, but after the Seattle reached Ketchikan, the same papers published the statement that the agent had heard from the captain of the ship and there was absolutely no foundation for the report. The questions that are uppermost in the minds of Douglas people are: Who lied? Why was Douglas selected as a dumping ground? How can the city be protected in the future, should Capt. O'Brien or some other captain see fit to repeat the dose?"

It seems to us that the fault lies with the customs office at the "Spirit City." If the child died of diphtheria two hours after leaving Seattle, the malady must have been well advanced when the boy went aboard. That being the case, it was the duty of the federal authorities to know it, and to quarantine the ship. It is just another case of criminal negligence, that are so common nowadays.

GIVE 'EM THE LIMIT

The various papers of southeastern Alaska, commenting upon the late coup made by Fish Commissioner Cobb in discovering thirty fish traps in active operation on closed days, seem to be unanimously opposed to the practice of fishing on all days alike, each paper expressing, substantially, the same views as the Douglas Island News, which has this to say: "The fact that the commissioner by making an unannounced visit to the fish traps found them all, with one exception, violating the law, is no surprise to

CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

FISHERMEN'S GOODS

Including Oiled Coats, Oiled Hats, Oiled Aprons, Oiled Sleeves, all the Best Brands of Rubber Boots, such as the new Alaska Red Sole, Gold Seal, Ribano

Warmest and Best Blankets

Strongest and Dryest Tents

Knackerbrod and Dry Toast

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

St. Michael Trading Company

Carry a Complete Stock in All Lines of Merchandise, Including

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints
Oils, Crockery, Etc.

Tin Shop in Connection, in Which we are Prepared
to do Any Kind of Work in that line

WE ARE ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR

Union Gas Engines

Chase & Sanborn Teas and Coffees

Hercules Powder

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORCERS

PATENA UDE

carries a fine line of

SMOKERS'
ARTICLES

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

WITH PENCIL AND SHEARS

Items of Interest Gathered From
Here and There

Manager Hanthorn was up from the Santa Ana cannery, Monday, for a brief business trip.

A small blaze occurred at the sawmill boarding house, Monday, no very serious damage being done.

Mrs. Thos. A. Willson returned home on the Cottage City, after an extended visit at Baltimore.

The General Lawton, Captain Peter L. Jensen, took a hunting party over to Blind Slough, Tuesday.

Will Snyder killed his first deer, a big buck, Sunday. And the next day he bought a new and larger hat.

Donald Sinclair and family left Tuesday morning in the Cora K for a week's two in camp at J. Mantle's.

The fine plate glass front of the new Wheeler building is the most modern thing in that line ever seen in town.

Harry Collins returned to Juneau on the Cottage City, as did also Chas. E. Fox, who had been here several days on business.

Douglas has a dog ordinance that is being enforced, all dogs on which license is not paid being shot. Wrangell ought to annex to Douglas.

Mr. Miles and family went over to Mill Creek, Tuesday.

The canines have been giving west end residents a merry time of late. But the cause was removed and we again enjoy a full night of sleep.

A number of our subscribers take interest enough in the town to send an occasional SENTINEL to their relatives or friends in the states. Go, thou, and do likewise.

Some have asked why the custom house flag is being flown at half staff. It is to be kept at half-staff for thirty days in honor of Grover Cleveland, an order to that effect having been issued by President Roosevelt.

The floating dock became slightly dilapidated in the heavy sea of Friday last, but has been put in working condition again.

The crop of salmonberries this year has been better than usual, and our people have gathered in a goodly supply to make jelly for winter "reference."

A young fellow who has been working at Shakan came into town last week with a lacerated hand, the result of getting tangled up with one of the saws at the mill.

C. F. Stedman is getting out the frames for a new boat, which he intends building for his own use.

Tom Templeton, the Seattle Hardware Co. man, did business in Wrangell during the week.

John R. Beegle, who has been inspector of customs at Ketchikan since the opening of the office there, has been transferred to Skagway, where he takes the place of Matthew Bridge, who is to be transferred elsewhere.

Harry Gartley and William H. Lewis went below on the Cottage City.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, in Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Andrew Husby, deceased.
NOTICE is hereby given that I, William C. Thomas, of the Town of Wrangell, District of Alaska, have been duly appointed Administrator of the above-named Estate. That letters of administration were granted to me on the 21st day of July, A. D. 1908. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same to said Administrator at his place of business, or at the office of the U. S. Commissioner, Wrangell, First Division, District of Alaska, with proper vouchers therefor, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 22nd day of July A. D. 1908.
Wm. C. THOMAS,
Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Husby, deceased.

ENJOYABLE OUTING

Our good townsman, Bruno Greif, is a man who believes that it is a good plan for a person to enjoy himself while he is yet living, and that when one is dead, he remains in that condition a considerable length of time. To break away from the dull cares of the business day for a brief communion with the beauties of nature has a soft spot in Mr. Greif's heart, and he avails himself of the most propitious time to indulge his fancy, and to demonstrate to his friends "how dis-entertainment pinness is in Choinany did, py Gott in himmel?"

It will be recalled that last summer Mr. Greif chartered boats and launches and invited the ladies of Wrangell to accept his hospitality for a day's outing. That was an occasion which will linger long in the memory of those fortunate enough to be one of the party.

Last Thursday was a lovely day—just the sort of a day that one would choose for a launching party, and Bruno Greif invited a number of his male friends to take a spin around Wrangell Island in Capt. Johansen's fine big launch Duck-land. The voyage was down the south channel and to Santa Ana cannery, where the night was spent, the party being entertained by Manager Hanthorn and his estimable wife. Friday evening amid tooting of horns, booming of guns and genuine Alaskan cheers, the party returned home, fully convinced that Mr. Greif is nothing less than a prince.

The Leconte glacier is getting to be a great week-end attraction for Wrangell people. Another party went over last Sunday, and although some returned with their faces badly sunburned, the outing was immensely enjoyed.

Our laundryman, Wm. C. Cook last week exhibited a lot of home-grown strawberries which discounted any we have seen from below, both for size and quality.

The steamer Distributor, Captain S. B. Johnson, left last Thursday for her return to Port Simpson, having finished up the freighting on the Stikine.

BOOST

Now is the Time
To make your old clothes new
Try your luck with
Diamond Dyes

BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS
ALSO YOUR FAMILY RECIPES
WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY

Escape Measles
by disinfecting your house with
FORMALIN or CREOLIN
We have both, with directions for using

The Shurick Drug Co.

Is open for Business with a full line of

Drugs, Medicines, Etc.

Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods, Stationery, Postals

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

COURTEOUS TREATMENT AND REASONABLE
PRICES ALWAYS ASSURED

those familiar with the manner in which the fish business is carried on in this part of Alaska.

We are informed by a man who is thoroughly familiar with the subject, that the fish commissioners and inspectors do not usually display so much caution. The plan usually followed is for the inspector to notify the manager of the cannery that he is about to pay him a visit, and for him to come to Juneau in his private launch on a certain day. When the day arrives, and the manager of the cannery goes to Juneau after the inspector, you may rest assured that the cannery is in apple pie order.

The fish traps are bad enough, and if their use is allowed for a few years more the industry will suffer for it, but those who are allowed by law to operate them should live up to the requirements of the law or pay the extreme limits of the penalty prescribed.

GOOD JOKE ON THE EDITOR

A new game has just come into quite extensive use, called "Editor's Delight." It is played in this way: take a sheet of ordinary writing paper and fold it carefully, being very particular to keep the edges true; enclose a bank note sufficient to pay all arrears for your local paper and a year in advance and mail it to the editor. What adds immensely to the pleasure of the game is to send the names of two or three new subscribers, accompanied by cash. Keep your eye on the editor and if a smile adorns his face the joke works like a charm.—Ex

We have not had the game played on us yet, but it is no doubt very amusing.

West Coast people did not forget the Nation's birthday, July 4th. We are in receipt of a program which was carried out at Sulzer, Superintendent Charles Sulzer inviting the miners down from the Jumbo mine to spend the day. Lack of space forbids the publication of the program, but the day was observed in a very appropriate and fitting manner. We are indebted to James Hurley for the program. Claire Snyder also writes in from Klawack that an impromptu celebration was held at that place, and was highly enjoyed by all.

Mrs. J. E. Worden and three children left on the Cottage City for a visit with Mrs. Worden's mother, Mrs. Turner, at Seattle. They had intended going on the Seattle, but the report of the presence of diphtheria on that vessel caused them to change their plans.

Last Thursday was an ideal day for trout fishing, and L. C. Patenaude, Sam Guyot, Walter Dorr and Geo. Snyder spent the day at Konk's Creek, going in the launch Sentinel. The trout took the fly readily, and the party returned with about two hundred.

Sam Guyot took passage on the last Uncle Dan for a business trip to west coast points.

SENTINEL acknowledges a pleasant visit from Messrs. T. Guldbrandson, editor, and Henry J. Gjertsen, attorney at law, both of Minneapolis, who were passengers on the Cottage City for Petersburg. Both are interested in the P. C. & N. Co.

HOW TO EARN MONEY

There is a way. You can do it, when you know how. No experience or special qualification is necessary. If it is the knowledge or the opportunity that seems to be lacking, if you have any respect for your own ability, we can supply the opportunity and tell you how to make the most of it.

Are You Ready?

Can you spare an hour a day or an hour a week? Can you use the money? Would you be willing to increase your bank account? Don't spend those precious hours wishing or grumbling. We need your spare time and we will pay for it.

Agents Wanted Everywhere
We want editors to take subscriptions for THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, the only publication of its kind in existence. And this is a highly dignified and respectable occupation. You may then accept it or reject it, as you see fit. We believe you will accept it—that's why we pay all the expenses.

Send a Postal Card

Just write a postal card asking for full particulars regarding our liberal offers to agents, with special plans for working. We will send by return mail, postpaid, complete information and place before you an unequalled opportunity. You may then accept it or reject it, as you see fit. We believe you will accept it—that's why we pay all the expenses.

Agents' Organization Bureau,
Box 118, Elgin, Illinois

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

Harry Thaw is so sane now that it hurts him.

Probably the Harvard stoop differs from a Yale porch only in unimportant particulars.

A "delegate at large" is one whose wife does not accompany him to the convention.

It is a little too soon, perhaps, to expect the "Life of Mrs. Guinness," by Murat Halstead.

All this talk about the "world's supply" of coal must strike President Baer as meddlesome and impudent.

When a tornado makes one of its flying visits unannounced you have to forego all previous engagements.

An American cent is worth a dollar in Colombian money. Down there a man can bet 50 cents without being regarded as a piker.

The discovery that "Eljah" Dowle's estate footed up only \$1,200 seems to demonstrate again that great prophets are not always sure of big profits.

One of the unsatisfactory things about aerial navigation will be the tendency of people to ask you, after the airship has been perfected, whether you levitate.

A monument is to be erected at Wilmington, Mass., to the originator of the Baldwin apple. Why this partiality? Somebody should at least write an ode to Ben Davis.

Prosperity is undoubtedly taking off her things and strongly hinting that she intends to stay. Already people are beginning to regret that they "didn't buy when things were down."

A New York newspaper man claims to be a lineal descendant of King David. But unless he has inherited a large slice of his distinguished ancestor's estate he need not expect to cut a wide swath in New York's 400.

That organized charities relieve much suffering there can be no doubt, but they do not relieve any one of an individual responsibility toward his fellow creatures. If such a sense of responsibility ever dies organized charity will die with it.

A Paris paper asks the American people to refrain from accepting Prince Helle de Sagan as a typical Frenchman. We will agree on one condition, which is that the French people will not accept the loudly dressed person who picks his teeth in public and is continually drawing attention to his wealth as a typical American.

A reviewer of Mr. Swinburne's drama, "The Duke of Candia," just published, notes that in the first scene one of the characters makes a speech of eighty words, all but five of which are monosyllables, and yet without producing any effect of monotony or of affectation. It is a good exercise in style to express one's thoughts in short words.

In a land of distrust like Russia it is only natural that the precautions taken should be of the most drastic order, hence the use of a royal understudy, who has always been a conspicuous figure at that court. Indeed, it was the understudy of the late Czar Alexander III.—a man named Komaroff—who was murdered in Moscow some years ago, when the murderer thought he had covered himself with glory by assassinating the Czar. Nicholas, like his father before him, has an understudy, and the many state functions he attended at the opening of his reign, when the relations with his people were less strained than they are to-day, were attended for the most part by proxy. No monarch, however, made such frequent use of his understudy as the late Emperor William of Germany. Every day, as the clock struck 12, the Emperor came out and bowed on the palace balcony. It was not until some time after the Emperor's demise that the secret was made known that the man who appeared daily on the balcony was the royal understudy. And the person who gave the secret away was the great Bismarck.

While the question of the exhaustion of the natural resources of the United States is occupying the center of the stage of public interest, it is worth while to consider the significance of statistics regarding the petroleum industry which are new and startling. Here they are: Until 1898—just ten years ago—94 per cent of the mineral oil output of this country came from the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia. Now, so far as quantity is concerned, this region holds second place. Last year its output was 60,000,000 barrels, while the output of Texas, California, Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas and Oklahoma aggregated 100,000,000 barrels. Fifteen years ago there was hardly a suspicion that mineral oil was one of the resources of the West. The Western oil is not so available for illumination as for fuel, but there are now resources for illumination which were undreamed of when the Pennsylvania oil fields began to be exploited for kerosene. Then the elec-

tric light was only a scientific experiment. Now it is a competitor with the kerosene lamp, and in cities the lamp occupies second place. Every water power is now recognized as available to run electric dynamos for illuminating purposes and for operating machinery. It is well that the waste of natural resources should be avoided, but there is no reason for Americans to go into a decline through fear that their posterity will find themselves unable to support existence. This is a wonderful continent, whose riches, in spite of all that they have yielded, have only begun to be exploited, and are really only beginning to be understood.

It often happens that a person who devotes his whole life to a profession or business conceives at last a contempt for it. That he comes to regard it as the most undesirable of all means of making a living is true also, but in addition to this he looks upon it as a sort of humbug. There are lawyers, for instance, who after a long experience in the profession will, in their confidential moods, confess to intimate friends that the practice of the law is a good deal of a humbug. They will claim as stoutly as anybody that the study and practice of the law is indispensable to society, and yet they make no secret of their contempt for courts, lawyers and juries. They consider that though the law is theoretically exact justice it is often only ignorance, prejudice and chicanery masquerading as such. Lawyers may have a dread of lawsuits on their own account and consider it the best service they can render a client to keep him clear of legal proceedings. But this feeling is by no means peculiar to lawyers. It is experienced just as commonly by physicians. Physicians believe that medical science is the noblest of all sciences. But it is a notorious fact that some of the worst things that are ever said about the practice of medicine are said by old practitioners. After reaching an advanced age they seem almost free to admit that all drug stores might be swept into the sea to great advantage. We might add many illustrations to the same effect, and for an explanation there is the natural weariness over our daily duties which is felt in all professions and all business, and the contempt that comes with familiarity. But since the feeling is so general it is evident that there is no very bright promise of a change from one kind of work to another, and the lesson to be drawn from it is one of content.

SOUTH SEA "HIGH BROWS."

In Mallicolo, one of the larger islands of the New Hebrides, Miss Beatrice Grimshaw had the chance of photographing what she says in her recent book, "Fiji and Its Possibilities," had never been photographed before—the making of a conical head. A good many years ago certain men of science, who had procured skulls from all parts of the world, were struck by the extraordinary egg-like shape of some that came from Mallicolo. No one knew much about the people who owned these remarkable heads, and science forthwith erected rather a pretty theory on the basis furnished by the skulls, placing the owners on the lowest rungs of the human ladder, and inferring that they were nearer to the ape than any other type at that time known.

Later on some one happened to discover how it was that the skulls came to show this peculiar shape, and the marvel vanished when it was known that compression in infancy is the cause. It is still, however, a thing curious enough. Several other nations compress their infants' heads, but none seems to attain quite such a striking result as the Mallicolans, in those districts where the custom is systematically practiced.

A conical head, when really well done, rises up to a most extraordinary point, and at the same time retreats from the forehead in such a manner that one is amazed to know the owner of this remarkable profile preserves his or her proper senses, such as they are. Miss Grimshaw could not hear, however, that the custom was supposed to affect the intellect in any way.

"It would be hard to affect what they haven't got," a trader observed on this subject.

The conical shape is produced by winding strong sennit cord spirally about the heads of young babies, and tightening the coils from time to time. A piece of plaited mat is first put on the head, and the cord is coiled over this, so as to give it a good purchase. The crown of the head is left to develop in the upward and backward fashion that is so much admired.

One fears the poor babies suffer very much from the process.

"The child I saw was fretful and crying, and looked as if it were constantly in pain," declares Miss Grimshaw, "but the mother, forgetting for the moment her fear of the strange white woman, showed it to me proudly, pointing out the cords with a smile."

"She had a normally shaped head herself, and it seemed that she had suffered by her parents' neglect of this important matter, for she was married to a man who was of no particular account. A young girl who was standing beside her when I took the photograph had evidently had a more careful mother, for her head was almost sugar-loaf shaped. It is interesting to know," adds Miss Grimshaw, "that this well-brought-up young woman had married a chief."

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

AND SO MAN CAN FLY.

AT the miracles of invention the world no longer wonders greatly. All things have become credible. Has a machine been made which will fly? We no longer doubt. We reply, rather, "We thought so. It was to be expected." After the wireless telegraph, how can we do otherwise? Material limitations seem to be dissolving. Time was when wood and flesh were opaque. Then came the X-ray, and the fallacy of opaqueness was disclosed. To the X-ray eye the board has become as window glass. Time was when the unseen forces of the electric world traveled the material road of a copper or iron wire; but there came the inventions of Marconi and invisible messengers leaped through the limitless spaces of the ether. Time was when sounds traveled on the air; in our own generation the telephone has transferred sounds by new and unknown roads to distances limited only by the desires of man.

And now—after nineteen centuries of fruitless effort—is man to crown the achievements of this inventive age by a full mastery of the air? Why not? we answer. Here we are told of a new device able to lift two men—a machine without balloon or gas bag attachment, weighing perhaps a thousand pounds, and yet able to mount as do the birds and sail the circumambient air! And we say: Why not? Why has the machine been so slow in coming? Of course the problem has been solved. Man will mount, and spread, and grow; and old things will pass away; and the earth will grow still smaller—for verily we live in a wonderful, a golden age!—Des Moines News.

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

HOW many people could face certain death as bravely as did Dr. William H. Marsh, a wealthy citizen of Brooklyn, who passed away recently, a victim of hydrophobia? "You will die before Thursday noon; no human power can save you," he was told by a physician in the Pasteur Institute, where he had applied for treatment. He had gone to the institution too late to be helped. The symptoms of the dread disease were already visible to the practiced eye of the expert, and when asked for the truth the physician frankly told it.

Dr. Marsh accepted the sentence with fortitude. "I am not afraid to die," he said to his friends. "The past hides nothing that should make me ashamed to face the future," and he proceeded to put his earthly affairs in shape, that his loved ones might be protected. He instructed his physician to give him liberal doses of opiates when the paroxysms appeared in order that his family should not be terrified at the sight, and then he calmly awaited the end.

What a sermon in this sad story! Dr. Marsh was no common hero. The man who goes into battle knows that he has more than an even chance for his life. Induced by the prospect of large rewards in the shape of money or fame, men will face tremendous perils, for there is always hope. But there was no gamble in the

case of Dr. Marsh. A few hours before, apparently in perfect health, he was walking the streets of Brooklyn, happy and prosperous. Then his sentence fell, like a shadow across his path. And there was no escape from it. Yet his heart at this supreme crisis was light. "The past hides nothing that should make me ashamed to face the future," he said, and therein is found the key to this wonderful exhibition of courage. Remorse was a stranger to him, for he had lived right and dealt fairly with his fellow men. To be able to greet death with perfect stoicism under such circumstances is a heaven-born quality.—Toledo Blade.

OUR NEED OF WATER.

PHYSIOLGISTS tell us that the animal body consists of almost 80 per cent water. Admitting this to be true, it would seem plausible that this quantity is necessary in order to carry on the normal physiological processes of the animal economy in proper condition. For similar reasons it would also appear plausible that should this quantity in any way be greatly reduced or diminished, either through normal processes of the body or through abnormal processes, this last quantity must immediately be resupplied. Should such a withdrawal of water be permitted to be unduly prolonged, the disorders will assume such grave dimensions that life itself may ultimately be terminated. Elasticity and pliability of muscles, nerves, cartilage, tendons and even bones depend mainly upon the amount of water they contain. Water also serves as a distributor of bodily heat and regulates the body temperature by the physical process of absorption and elimination. Under normal conditions and in a proper degree of health this supply is ordinarily furnished partly by the food and partly by the drink we are daily consuming. An overindulgence in the use of water—provided it is not carried to excess—will seldom, if ever, be productive of any deleterious consequences.—Medical Recorder.

A CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.

ALARGE fleshy man with whiskers told me of a sovereign cure for despondency only yesterday. He had a number of girls in his employ, among them one that he knew was in struggling circumstances and supporting a sick mother on a none too healthy salary. She had come into the store and laid her purse and somber widow hat on the counter while she did something about the place.

The large fleshy man got between her and the purse, and when she was not looking he slipped a \$5 bill into it and moved unconsciously about his business.

In the afternoon he noticed that she had a red spot in each cheek and she was heard asking other girls if they believed in fairies. She never solved the mystery—it was two years ago—and never will unless she reads this. But the \$5 bill was very useful in its little way, and the large despondent man felt so good for two weeks that he hip-hopped on the sidewalk on his way home.—Minneapolis Journal.

Some Expensive Errors.

A Western paper once told the story of how an error in the price of an article in a department store advertisement, in which a lady's gown was offered for \$18.96, but which read \$8.96, cost it over a thousand dollars, as the store filled all orders and held the paper responsible for the error. The department store took the stand that to have done otherwise might have led people to believe it did not do as agreed, but offered the price merely to draw people to the store.

This incident quite often happens, but we only hear of it at times when publishers want to boast about how their papers bring results.

The most expensive error of this kind we have knowledge of was one that occurred recently down in Wall Street. The banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. recently offered a block of New York Central equipment notes of different maturities and at different prices, which price ran into fractions of per cents. A mistake was made in one of these fractions and was not noticed until the advertisement appeared in all the newspapers. Then it was too late. All these notes went like hot cakes, for discerning investors quickly saw their advantage. The net result was that J. P. Morgan & Co. lost nearly \$10,000, the difference between the error and the correct price. This is, as far as we know, the most expensive mistake in an advertisement.—Mail Order Journal.

Thrifty Paganini.

When Paganini was asked many years ago to play at Vauxhall Gardens he inquired how many persons the place would hold.

"That is impossible to say," said the manager. "It is a large, open space."

After some reflection the great violinist inquired, "How many will the large, open space contain when quite full?"

"Perhaps 20,000."

"Ah, 20,000 people! And you ask how much?"

"Four shillings each!"

"Four shillings each! Twenty thousand at 4 shillings make 80,000; 80,000 shillings, 4,000. Well, I will play in one concert for 4,000, and you may have the other thousand."—St. Louis Republic.

Helping Her.

"You loved her very much?"

"So much that when her first husband died I married her that I might share her grief and so lessen it."

"And how did it work?"

"Fine! I'm sorrier now for his death than she is."—Boston Post.

Few men are ruined by great offenses, but most men are sufferers from the effects of petty folly.

Old Favorites

The Old Continentals.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles
From the smoky night encampment bore
The banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grimmer, grimmer, grimmer rolled
The roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

When with eyes to the front, all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle breakers o'er the
green sodded acres
of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the
black gunpowder,
Cracking again!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoners;
And the villainous salt-peter
Rang a fierce, discordant meter
Round our ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse
guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old
fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare headed Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud;
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets reddened at the
touch of the leaden
Rifle breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the
iron six-pounder,
Hurting death.
—G. H. McMaster.

When Night Involves the Skies.
My soul, adoring, turns to Thee,
Thee, self-absorbed in mortal guise,
And wrapped in shades of death for me.

On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee victor o'er the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death, and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with whom I hope to live.
—Thomas Glaborne.

THE FIRST HEPATICAS.

Brought a Taste of Springtime to the Old Couple.

"Aren't they lovely, lovely?" exclaimed Lella, rapturously, gazing at the bank of flowers she and her sorority sister, Julie, had discovered deep in the woods. "Is there any joy quite like that of gathering the early blossoms of spring?" She sank down on the mossy ground and gently plucked a bunch of the tender flowers.

"It's worth walking two miles beyond the end of the car line and scrambling over a high board fence, isn't it, to find such little beauties as these?" said Julie, as she, too, made a bouquet. "Won't the luncheon table be charmingly decorated with these sweet things? They are much better than the horrid flowers we usually have at sorority lunches."

"Of course they will, and they are expecting something novel, for I said we should have a surprise for them."

When at last the girls, with their soft hair blowing round their prettily flushed faces, again scaled the fence, carefully guarding their precious flowers, they were surprised to see in such a lonely place two rather shabbily dressed old people—a frail little woman and a lame man—sitting on a log, gazing disconsolately at the high barrier to the delectable woodland.

With deprecating glances downward at their disheveled clothes, Lella and Julie smiled with bright friendliness at the elderly couple.

"Oh, you have the first hepaticas!" said the lady. "Could you spare me just one? We have come here every spring for years to welcome the early flowers, but this time we find ourselves barred out by this new fence."

"I might have climbed it, but she wouldn't leave me." The pathetic glance that the old man cast upon his crutches as he spoke went straight to Lella's heart, and she hastily replaced the few flowers she had begun to separate from her large bunch, and laid them all in the lady's lap, where Julie's, too, were quickly placed.

"But, my dears, you mustn't give me all your posies!"

"We wish you to have them," answered Lella. "We had the joy of gathering them, and you must have the pleasure of keeping them as long as they will last."

A moment later Julie said, as she and Lella walked away, "We haven't any wild flowers for the sorority lunch, after all."

"No, we have something better, though a happy memory, and we can

tell the girls about those dear old people," replied Lella. She turned and waved her hand to the two still sitting on the log.

"Deary," said the old man, replacing the hat he had doffed, and bringing his gentle eyes from the girlish figures in the distance to the little woman beside him, "what a taste of spring-time we have had!"—Youth's Companion.

CHILD MARRIAGES IN MEXICO.

Mexican Women Over 30 Have Not Much Chance of Being Married.

Not the least of the romantic features of the marriages of Mexico are the ceremonies uniting children, says the Mexican Herald. The marriage of girls over 12 years of age and boys over 14 is permitted, and most marriages in Mexico come in early life.

There are about 170 to 180 marriages a month in this capital, a ridiculous proportion in view of the fact that the population by the census of 1900 was 550,000, and is now probably nearer 600,000. This small proportion of legal marriages, due largely to the expense attending a religious ceremony, for the people are educated to believe that the legal marriage is not sacred without the church service. Hence when he cannot have the church service he does not bother to have the official service, which is not expensive, performed.

The general age for women to marry in Mexico is about 20. The statistics for the past two months show the following figures on the marrying of women: From 12 to 20 years, 33; from 21 to 30 years, 102; from 31 to 45 years, 24; from 46 to 60 years, 5.

No woman over 60 was married during this period. As is seen from these figures, the number of women who married at from 21 to 30 years is greater than any other. The age at which most women marry in Mexico is from 18 to 24. It is to be observed that in the higher classes the girls marry generally when over 20 and some of them nearly 30 and over 30, while in the middle class a great majority of the women marry before they are 20 years old.

Among the lower class, on the contrary, the number of girls who marry before 20 is considerable, and many of them marry at 15, 14 and even 12 years. The most recent cases of girls married at 15 and 16 are observed among the middle classes and lower class people. One of these is Angela Carmona, who married at 15 years; another is a Spanish girl, Rosario Gonzalez, who married at 16, and another is that of Eduarda Gutierrez, who married at 14.

As to the men, the age at which they generally marry is also from 21 to 30. The statistics for the last two months show that the number of men married at different ages was as follows:

From 14 to 20 years, 5; from 21 to 30 years, 90; from 31 to 45 years, 52; over 46 years, 1.

It is seen that the proportion of men marrying before 30 years is strong, although it is not as heavy as that of the women married under that age. The proportion of women married under 30 years is 136 to twenty-nine, while the same proportion among the men is ninety-five to seventy.

In Mexico a woman above 30 is considered as not having much chance of being married and in the middle class the chances are not great beyond 25 years.

Real Talent.

The editor of the Bushby Clarion leaned back in his chair and surveyed his visitor with a solemn and unsmiling gaze. "You want to know if there's any good reporter in this town?" he said, impressively. "Well, there is There's Gid Hobart."

"What sort of work can he do?" asked the visitor.

"His capabilities haven't had their full chance yet," said the editor, slowly, "but he's getting on, and I'm afraid we shall lose him before long. Why, last week that fellow wrote a two-column account of a fire that was thrilling, I tell you!"

"Farmhouse, old mother, grandfather born there, and so forth, I suppose?" said the visitor.

"No, sir," said the editor. "It was a deserted hen-house, that's what it was. I can tell you, that takes talent! We can't expect to keep Gid with us always."

No Cloud on His.

Colonel Brownson, eighty-four years old, but still erect and vigorous, was riding leisurely homeward on his bay mare Kit, when he was overtaken by a man residing in the next township, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and they fell into conversation.

"I have just been down to the county seat," said the other, "on what I suppose you would say is a foolish errand, inasmuch as I have lived where I am for thirty-seven years, and nearly everybody within forty miles of here knows me. I have been proving up my title."

"Your title?"

"Yes; and let me tell you, colonel, you had better look up yours. You never can tell what may happen."

"I am not afraid about my title, sir," majestically answered Colonel Brownson, who had never owned an acre of ground in his life. "I won it, sir, in the Mexican War!"

Incredible.

Customer (looking over his bill)—You have made two mistakes in this bill, once in your favor and once in mine. Waiter—In your favor? Where!—Lustige Blätter.

Before marrying, a woman trusts in the influence of her love; after marriage, she begins to pray for him.

IN A SICILIAN PRISON.

To reach the women's prison in Messina one must leave the Marina, the principal promenade and drive, to climb a steep hill by one of the few roads that lead to or from the town. As on turns one's back to the sea mountains and valleys open to the view, with here and there a villa half hidden among vines and orange trees. Higher a fort crowns the summit of a rocky crag, while the ruins of an old citadel stand out in bold relief against the autumn sky. Another turn of the road, and the driver brings his horse to a stand before the gates of what was once the monastery of the Capuchins. It is a white building, like a church in the center, with a long wing at either side. The site was chosen and the foundations laid by two pilgrims in the sixteenth century, as is shown by an inscription over a low arched doorway, which bears the date of 1590. They continued in possession for nearly 300 years, until they were turned out by the Italian government in 1896.

The place has changed its character now; a sentry stands before the gate. Over a side door is written "Casa di Pena per Donne." Instead of the cowed monk who once answered the convent bell, the grating of locks is heard, and a warder in blue uniform admits visitors desirous of purchasing some of the work done by the prisoners. The way leads through the cloisters, which surround an open court. A statue of the Madonna stands in the center, encircled by a hedge of trailing vines, outside which many varieties of trees and flowers grow, such as Japanese medlars, oleanders, climbing roses, jasmine, lilies, etc. The work is shown by the well-known nuns of the order of Saint Vincent de Paul, whose principal convent is at Rome, whence the "sisters" are sent to all parts of the world, sometimes for life, sometimes to change their abode again after a stay of from one to thirty years. There is embroidery of every description, church work in silver or gold mingled with silks of every shade on grounds of satin or silk, while raised flowers with delicate lace stitches adorn sheets, pillow cases, tea cloths, underlinen, etc., all in the most artistic designs. Being entrusted with this work forms a great alleviation to the sorrows of prison life. Some of the women develop a strong artistic power, and find real enjoyment in it, as it obliterates perhaps for a time the darker pages of memory. Besides this branch of labor, they make cushion lace and spin and weave linen; also cotton, silk, and wool for underclothing of every texture and warmth.

More than this visitors cannot see unless they have been granted a permit by the prefect, in which case they are shown the chapel, where there are curious old memorial tablets, with busts and three-quarter figures in bas relief, representing men in quaint costumes and attitudes, not as when prepared for their last long sleep. There is some beautiful inlaid woodwork there, and the sacristy is entirely wainscoted with it. Then come the refectory, the kitchen and corridors off which are the monks' cells, now fitted to contain from two to six prisoners' beds, according to their size; also workrooms, where looms are kept busy and shuttles dart backwards and forward like live things, where machines have taken the place of the more primitive knitting needles



A PRISONER IN THE CLOISTERS.

and balls of worsted. As the Mother Superior enters accompanied by visitors all the occupants rise; each seems to enjoy showing her task, and glad to answer any questions about it. These rooms are bright and sunny, and some of them command lovely views of the Peloro Mountains, clad in every variety of foliage, from the prickly pear above to banks of maiden hair shaded by pepper trees at their base. They form a strong contrast to the dismal punishment cells, without light except what can enter through a small grating over the door.

When a woman is violently opposed to all talk of marriage for her daughter, it creates a suspicion that in her own marriage she found the same side.

Some people exercise their rights so much they work them to death.

YOU'RE TOO THIN.

Even Slight Catarrhal Derangements of the Stomach Produce Acid Fermentation of the Food.

It's Stomach Catarrh

Some people are thin and always remain thin, from temperamental reasons. Probably in such cases nothing can be done to change this personal peculiarity.

But there are a large number of people who get thin, or remain thin, who naturally would be plump and fleshy but for some digestive derangement.

Thin people lack in adipose tissue.

Adipose tissue is chiefly composed of fat.

Fat is derived from the oily constituents of food.

The fat-making foods are called by the physiologists, hydrocarbons. This class of foods are not digested in the stomach at all. They are digested in the duodenum, the division of the alimentary canal just below the stomach.

The digestion of fat is mainly, if not wholly, the work of the pancreatic juice. This juice is of an alkaline reaction, and is rendered inert by the addition of acid. A hyperacidity of the digestive fluids of the stomach passing down into the duodenum, destroys the pancreatic fluid for digestive purposes. Therefore, the fat is not digested or emulsified, and the system is deprived of its due proportion of oily constituents. Hence, the patient grows thin.

The beginning of the trouble is a catarrhal condition of the stomach which causes hyperacidity of the gastric juices. This hyperacidity is caused by fermentation of food in the stomach. When the food is taken into the stomach, if the process of digestion does not begin immediately, acid fermentation will take place. This creates a hyperacidity of the stomach juices which in their turn prevent the pancreatic digestion of the oils, and the emaciation results.

A dose of Peruna before each meal hastens the stomach digestion. By hurrying digestion, Peruna prevents fermentation of the contents of the stomach, and the pancreatic juices thus preserved in its normal state. It then only remains for the patient to eat a sufficient amount of fat-forming foods, and the thinness disappears and plumpness takes its place.

SOAP LAKE SALTS,

Nature's Remedy. Cures Rheumatism; does not disarrange stomach. Good effect on the system; a blood purifier. Ask your druggist for Yellow Package or send 50c for sample package.

Soap Lake Salts Remedy Company

Epler Block Seattle.

Furnish Your Home

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FSEE for CARTON TOPS

and SOAP WRAPPERS from

"20 MULE TEAM"

BORAX PRODUCTS

Leather Goods. Pocket Books, Purses,

Hand Bags, Chatelaines, Suit Cases,

Trunks, Collar and Cuff Cases, Razor

Strops, Traveling Bags, Toilet and

Sewing Cases, Rain Coats, Umbrellas

and Rubber Goods.

Jewelry. Clocks, Watches, Chains,

Rings, Fobs, Brooches, Barettes, Side

Combs, Bracelets, Neck Chains, Etc.

Silverware. Tea Sets, Coffee Sets,

Mugs, Desk Sets, Inkstands, Cake

Dishes, Candlesticks, Ice Pitchers,

Salt and Peppers, Napkin Rings,

Jewel Boxes, Knives, Forks and

Spoons, Cigar and Cigarette Cases,

Puff Boxes, Comb and Brush Sets,

Manicure Sets.

Glassware. Nappies, Vases, Spoon

Holders, Celery and Salad Bowls,

Bon Bon Dishes, Punch Sets, Tumblers,

Goblets.

Games. Guns, Pistols, Air Rifles, Fish-

ing Tackle, Boxing Gloves, Tool

Chests, Baseball and Football Goods,

Cameras, Phonographs, Banjos, Gut-

ters, Books.

Furniture. Rugs, Lace Curtains, Cat-

terly, Lamps, Baby Carriages, Beds.

Send 5c stamps for 40-page FREE cata-

logue listing over 1000 presents given

free. Address Pacific Coast Borax Co.,

Oakland, Cal.

Local Agents wanted. Write for

money making plan.

Only 90 Cents

A window with glass 24x24, two feet

square, in each sash, only 90 cents.

The greatest bargain in windows ever

offered. Your local dealer will charge

you 60c or more for a single light of

glass that size. Hundreds of other

sizes of windows in stock and sold at

correspondingly low prices.

We also sell—

Front doors\$3.00

5xPanel fir doors 1.35

Window frames, any size. 1.00

Porch columns60

Wrought steel butts, per

pair14

Blind locks22

Every price represents a big bar-

gain. Send for our price lists, which

contain thousands of prices. They are

mailed free. We have out one price

and sell to anyone.

O. B. WILLIAMS CO.,

1010 Western Ave. Seattle, Wash.

YOUNG FOLKS

My Geography.

I wish a great white ship would come, And carry me, oh, so far, Where palm-trees grow and simoons blow And Arab caravans wind and go, And the green, shady oases are. Suppose that this magic boat should sail, Oh, sail with us leagues away, We could see ice-floes and Eskimos, And the northern lights all gold and rose, Where the sun shines by night and by day.

I think if I really saw the world Geography would seem true; But do they mean that Mexico's green, And England yellow? and I have seen In my atlas that Holland is blue! O dear, how I wish that ship would sail And teach my lesson to me! For though I study so hard in my book, And even when at the map I look, I can't learn my geography! —Youth's Companion.

Meet or Meets?

The cashier of a certain bank had a placard put up one day, which was printed as follows: "The bill committee meets at 10 o'clock every morning." One of the directors came in soon afterwards, and having read the notice, he begged the cashier's pardon, but said that the verb should have been "meet," in the plural number, because the committee was composed of several persons, and their action could not properly be expressed by a verb in the singular number. Other directors came in presently, and all took part in the discussion, which was finally referred to a well-known linguist, who promptly said that the singular verb, "meets," was right. It seems strange that a serious discussion should take place over a matter that is, after all, so simple as this. The committee was, and is, a body of men acting as a body in meeting, and it meets and decides questions in that capacity. Of course, the members, as individuals, "meet" each other, but when acting collectively they act as one. To say that the

German Humor.

The tendency of the German comic papers to employ continuously the same characters as "producers of mirth" is the subject of an article in a Berlin paper by Ludwig Bauer. The writer mentions as the most conspic-

QUEER, ISN'T IT?

ous of the funny figures the absent-

minded professor whose habitual un-

brella-losing proclivities have made

generations laugh. This figure had its

origin at a time, he says, when the

man of letters was a helpless person

in the active world—a dreamer dwell-

ing in realms away from the actual

and therefore blind to his surround-

ings. In this form he has been repre-

sented in the comic papers. But Ger-

many, he thinks, not the professor, has

been and is being caricatured. The

professor to-day must be a wide-awake

man, for science is no longer an island.

These are not the days for sleep and

for dreams. Another abused character

is the lieutenant who, having no foe

to fight, is always shown as making

conquests where Amor has command.

The old maid is another of the stock

figures, and one of equal importance

is Mr. Newlyrich. Of the latter it is

said: "He is always full of fear and

suspicion. He knows that he has been

misplaced, and he sways from side to

side like a timid rope walker. This

makes him real funny, and we must

laugh at his antics."

Oldest Organ in the World.

In the Baltic sea, forty miles from

the mainland, lies the Swedish island

Gothland, a Mecca for students of early

Gothic architecture. In Wisby alone,

the chief town of the island, with its

population of 8,000 souls, may be

studied what remains of no less than

ten churches, some of which date from

the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The

oldest of them is the Church of the

Holy Ghost, completed about 1046.

Prof. Hennerberg, director in a Ger-

man music school, and especially inter-

ested in the study of medieval organs,

visited fifty-nine churches in Gothland,

and in a little village called Sundre

came upon the remnant of what is un-

questionably the oldest known organ

in existence. The case alone has sur-

vived the fret of seven centuries; the

holes for the pedals and manuals are

placed as in modern instruments, and

inside one can see the chamber for the

bellows and judge of their action; the

exterior is adorned with paintings dat-

ing from about 1240.

When this ancient instrument could

no longer serve its original purpose, it

was used as a sacrificial, and for the

safeguard of holy vessels and vest-

ments was kept in careful repair; hence

its excellent preservation to our day.

The Vine's Paradox.

"There is one paradoxical quality

which the vine possesses."

"What is that?"

"It can keep on running while it is

still rooted to the spot."—Baltimore

American.

It's a safe bet that the small boy

whose face is always clean doesn't have

as much fun as he is entitled to.

NEW RAILWAY SAFETY DEVICE.

Invention Automatically Places

Torpedoes on Track of

Erasing Train.

A signal device that automatically

places torpedoes in the path of trains

was exhibited at New Durham, N. J.,

Saturday by the inventor, Robert J.

Zorge, a member of the Chicago board

of trade, to a party of reporters. The

safety device has been installed on

block No. 3" of the West Shore Rail-

road, just west of the entrance to the

Weehawken tunnel, says the New York

Tribune.

The device looks like a big iron hogs

head sunk in the ground. Inside is a

wheel with twenty spokes. On each of

the spokes is a tin-cased torpedo at-

tached to an arm, and the duty of the

complicated cogs and levers beneath the

simple looking wheel is to thrust out

these torpedoes upon the track so that

the drivers of an engine may cause

them to explode.

Mr. Zorge's system places in each

"block" of a railroad three circuits,

"approach," "locking" and "danger."

The length of a block is determined by

the nature of the traffic, and at the

Weehawken tunnel it is a mile. A

train passing the approach circuit acts,

through its iron wheel and axles, as a

conductor which carries the electric

current from the point where it is re-

ceived across to another wire, through

which it runs to the armature beside

the torpedo machine. When the train

passes beyond the point, a mile distant,

it similarly readjusts the current, leav-

ing the entrance to that block clear.

The point of the device is that it

while the train is running through the

block another train should come along

so close behind as to pass the approach

circuit this contact would de-energize

the current. Then the mechanism of

the signal would be set working and

one of the spokes would be thrust out

to the track surface and hold a torpedo

there to be exploded. The concussion

would put the engineer on his guard

if he had not noticed the semaphore

signal.

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ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908.

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GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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One Year, in advance \$2.00
Six Months, " " 1.00
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Professional Cards, per month \$1.00
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JOB WORK
This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

THE READING AMERICAN

The reading American is everywhere, and up to date. His paper, his magazine, his library, are simply indispensable to him, while the telegraph, wire and wireless keep him in touch with the world on the current history of the day.

It is one of the best signs we have of national stability and readiness. Great emergencies are met all over the land with communal understanding and appreciation that save days and weeks of coaching and preparation, and drilling for action. The country is never asleep; the president, the governor, the mayor, always find the people on the spot when they are wanted for high purposes, and thousands of them equipped for leadership.

No country in the world has as many readers of the daily news as the United States; if there are classes in this country, there is a paper for each, and all are studied avidly; the nation is never without a working knowledge of the great events transpiring, or to transpire. From Puget Sound to the Keys of Florida, and from the St. Croix to San Diego it is the same, and the ever-present, common public school is at the bottom of it. It is a splendid equipment and the country at large appreciates it.

MARTYRING THE MARTYRS

Our friends, the Socialists, have the unhappy faculty of martyring the martyrs of their party, says the Astorian.

Hence the naming of M. R. Preston, an inmate of the Nevada state penitentiary, charged with murder and serving a term of five years, for the candidacy of that party for the presidency of the United States.

The trouble with the socialist has always been that he is too willing to canonize the man who falls under the ban of the law, no matter what he was or what he has done, before he and the law came in conflict. It is a policy that will react upon their party and program as long as they adhere to it, and must keep their standards of championship at contemptible gauge in the eyes of a world that does not think with them nor understand the principle they are following.

Granting for the sake of the socialistic argument, that Mr. Preston is a martyr to some of the inequalities of the age, that he is suffering sheer injustice as a penal servant of the land, it does not help the cause of socialism to go to the penitentiaries for leadership. It is Quixotism gone mad, and has not a thread of practical sense (the backbone of the socialistic doctrine) to save it. There are clean, able, impeccable men in the socialistic ranks from whom to select such advocates as it needs, especially as the dignities it sets up are, for the time being, purely tentative, and it were well if the party forebore to thrust its "martyrs" broadcast upon a censorious world for ribald and despicable treatment.

This is indeed a queer old world. T. Barnum once said that the more people are "buncoed" the better they like it, and the truth of

the assertion is proven every day. Insurance companies employ great armies of agents who swarm about the country, selling policies preferably to those who will carry it for a time and then allow it to lapse, in which case, according to contract, they lose what has been paid. Real estate dealers maintain large and luxurious apartments by having a "sample lot or piece of land" to show to prospective purchasers and then making them a deed to an entirely different tract, the terms being such that the purchaser has no redress. Parents entrust the very lives of their little ones into the hands of any one who has gall enough to don a white vest and stick out a doctor's shingle, even though he could produce no diploma, if asked to, to show him competent to get the degree from a college. Periodicals are filled to overflowing with advertisements telling of wondrous bargains, and the very presence of the ads. in the magazines that get \$1,000 per page proves that people bite at the bait. To sum up, the times are trending toward a stage when the greater counterfeit a man can make of himself, the more successful he will be. The only way to escape being bilked is to be "from Missouri."

In regard to mail order houses, James J. Doyle, in the Ketchikan Miner, offers the following timely suggestions, which may be locally applied: "A Ketchikan [Wrangell] merchant pays less rent, less for clerk hire, less for advertising, and for everything else. He does not carry a large surplus stock. He has every advantage over his city brother except in the volume of trade. He knows his customers' individual wants, and he caters to them. He takes back your purchase if it isn't satisfactory, and gives you a little lee-way if your credit is sufficient, in the matter of payments. He is reliable, worthy and get-at-able. He is here at present. He was here last year and expects to be here next year. He is your neighbor. He contributes his proportion to town improvements and the support of all the churches, and he is a fellow-sufferer in all the vicissitudes of village life. In the first place, it is to the advantage of your pocket book to patronize him as a neighbor and public-spirited citizen. You also owe it to your love of fair play and village loyalty."

Peary, the brilliant, plucky, experienced American naval officer is going into the hell of the Arctic again for three years with twenty-two trained associates, and a stout ship to try once more for the solution of the eternal problem of the North Pole. We shall all be proud if the supreme honor of this great geographical stunt shall fall to America; and we know of no American to whom the credit might fall with more aptitude than Peary. He is entitled to all he may get from the voyage, and he is no novice in the quest. He may find his grave up there along with many another bold spirit whose strength and courage wilted before the incalculable horrors of the secretive north; and if he does, we will simply have one more historic figure in our laudatory annals; and if he succeeds and lives, we will have practically the same thing and nothing more.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M., Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 8:30 P. M., Sunday.
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
Midweek Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIP'S-EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for Natives, 10:30 A. M.
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.
Bible School, 2:30 P. M.
Vespers-Native service, 3:30 P. M.
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 4:30 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY P. COUSER, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at 11:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M.
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:30.
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. TAMARPE, Sergeant-Major.
BOB SMITH, Adjutant.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR U. S. PATENT

MINERAL SURVEY NO. 614
U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Juneau, Alaska, July 8, 1908.
NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of the Act of Congress approved May 10, 1872, THE OLYMPIC MINING COMPANY, by and through Newark L. Burton, a citizen of the United States, its duly authorized agent and attorney in fact, whose postoffice address is Juneau, Alaska, has made application for a patent for 1600 linear feet on each of the following lodes, viz: Helen S. No. 1 and Harvey Lodes, bearing gold and silver, the same being 1500 feet northerly and 50 feet southerly from the discovery shaft of such Harvey Lode and 1500 feet northerly from discovery shaft on the Helen S. No. 1 Lode, with surface ground 800 feet in width on either side of the Helen S. No. 1 Lode at the northerly end thereof and 300 feet in width east of said lode line and 140.54 feet in width west of said lode line at the southerly end thereof, and 300 feet on either side of the Harvey Lode; said lode mining claims being situated in the Wrangell Mining District, in the District of Alaska, and more particularly described as follows:
Helen S. No. 1 Lode—Beginning at Corner No. 1, where U. S. L. M. No. 10 bears south 81 degrees 00 minutes east 20 feet distant; thence north 5 degrees 45 minutes west 1507 feet to Corner No. 2; thence east 600 feet to Corner No. 3; thence south 1500 feet to Corner No. 4; thence west 448.54 feet to Corner No. 1, the place of beginning. Variation at all corners 30 degrees 00 minutes east.
Harvey Lode—Beginning at Corner No. 1, where U. S. L. M. No. 10 bears south 88 degrees 00 minutes west 434.49 feet distant; thence north 1500 feet to Corner No. 2; thence east 600 feet to Corner No. 3; thence south 1500 feet to Corner No. 4; thence west 600 feet to Corner No. 1, the place of beginning. Variation at all corners 30 degrees 00 minutes east.
The total area of said above-described lode mining claims is 38,737 acres.
The names of adjoining claims, as shown by the plat of survey, are the Helen S. No. 2 and Raven Lodes on the north and White Bonanza Lode on the south.
OLYMPIC MINING COMPANY,
by NEWARK L. BURTON,
Agent and Attorney in Fact.
Chas. Smith and Chas. Seeler.
It is hereby ordered that the foregoing notice be published for the statutory period in the ALASKA SENTINEL, a weekly newspaper published at Wrangell, Alaska.
JOHN W. DUDLEY,
Register.

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